



I'm Sorry



👁 23 ✓ 1 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by Pavehawk546

I was at a loss for words as I stared at those frozen opaque eyes. Forever open as they stared into oblivion, never again being able to shine with life. It was if time had ceased to function as I stood there motionless; contemplating how it had all come to this...how my life had culminated into this final moment.

Staring around me, I saw the silent figures of my friends as they happened upon the body. Shock and terror flashed before their eyes as they carefully crept closer and closer to the corpse. One by one, recognition began to characterize their faces as realization sucker punched them. Converging in a circle around the deceased, they became statues. All quiet, hoping that the image before them was an illusion.

Guilt etched itself throughout my soul as I watched the stone expressions they put on break. Tears flowing freely as they held each other and mourned the loss of their companion.

"I'm sorry," I whispered to myself as I turned my back to them and began to wander away from my lifeless body...

Chapter 2 by Skipper JV

Okay, I have to admit, becoming a writer was not my original plan. I thought after I'd pulled the trigger it'd all be over and I'd move on. But here I am, still writing it.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Back a year ago, I had been tasked with the job of picking my little sister, Marie, up from her middle school. But of course being a stupid Senior, I hung out with my friends after school instead and was an hour late picking her up. And in that hour, someone had kidnapped her and swiped her off the face of the planet. She was gone forever. The police assumed she was most likely killed and that my family would never see her again. It had been all my fault. It was my stupidity that got her killed. I was a murderer. My own negligence had stolen her precious life from the planet. I could never forgive myself.

So, as I felt my soul lifted out of my body, I turned and walked away from my group of mourning friends and associates. I felt numb (whether it was from my sadness or being a ghost I don't know) and wandered for hours. Time seemed to be endless and I felt even worse that somehow my soul still survived. I should have died and gone to hell. I was deserving of a much more horrible fate than wandering the earth forever. I needed to be thrown in a fiery pit and sentenced to an eternity in scorching flames, where my skin would melt off and be regenerated, only to be charred by the flames again.

After quite some time of wandering, I found myself in a old neighborhood. I'd never been there before in my time alive and it was foreign to me. Feeling a heaviness in my chest, I dragged myself down the road, feeling terrible, when suddenly something caught my eye.

I turned my head, my eyes snapping wide open. In the window of an old brick house to my right was the round, pale face of a young girl of the age of thirteen or fourteen. She had chocolaty round pleading eyes and ivory hair that hung in thick locks over her face, along with a dainty pointed nose and a small chin. Somehow, even with her gaunt cheeks and sleep deprived eyes, she looked the same.

It was my sister.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account